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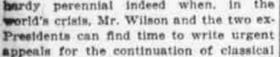
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Philadelphia, Monday, June 4, 1917



The Kaiser has officially announced that the Entente's spring offensive is over. Granted. But it's the "summer push" that confronts the Hohenzollerns now.

Germany has come to the conclusion that it was a good thing to let her Socialists enter the peace conference. An excellent reason for keeping ours home.

The Senate food bill makes gambling in grain futures an offense punishable by a fine of \$500 or one year's imprisonment. All right; but why not make the "or" an "and"?

American scholarship must be a hardy perennial indeed when, in the world's crisis, Mr. Wilson and the two Presidents can find time to write urgent appeals for the continuation of classical studies.

The new regulation forbidding a premissive display of German daily papers on newsstands bespeaks a modesty concerning the dissemination of inspired utterances that ill accords with the familiar pomposity of their verbiage.

If any one doubts the power of the pen even in the midst of the world's greatest war, the present anxiety over the mysterious failure of Wilson's republic to reach Petrograd might well negative such an opinion.

Assuming that the report of Germany's attempt to acquire the Venezuelan island of Margarita as a submarine base is true, we are at least spared the trouble of going to war over the situation. We picked out the right foe some months ago and we can thus attend to violations of the Monroe Doctrine at the same time that we help save the world for freedom.

What will the bereaved families of those lost on the Spanish steamship Elzaguirre have to say if Germany carries out her promise to "atone" for her submarine outrages on King Alfonso's subjects by formally saluting the red and yellow standard of Spain and firing a salute in honor of Castile and Aragon? Or will these stricken Iberians cordially thank this threatened evidence of "cordiality" the most impertinent spectacle in the entire history of international relations?

With the announcement that four Pennsylvania regiments are to mobilize for active war service on July 15, the various "Home Defense" organizations of the State assume important roles sooner perhaps than was anticipated. As the National Guard relinquishes its work of guarding railroads, waterways and bridges, the various bodies of home volunteers will be summoned to take up these duties. It is hard to see how even a chronic pacifist could argue himself out of taking up such work in case of need. Surely the peace of the home is best preserved by protecting it.

The American commission has arrived in Russia and the Government at Petrograd still lives. All fear that Mr. Root and his associates might arrive too late to be enabled to do their utmost to save the infant Slavic republic, both from itself and from German peace intrigues, is finally dispelled. The mystery of the American envoys' amazingly quick voyage lends another touch of romance to one of the most striking situations in all history—the spectacle of the world's greatest national exemplar of democracy extending the hand of help and fellowship to the youngest child of freedom.

The split in the Socialist party, now rapidly developing, promises to perform some useful surgery upon what is bad in socialism and save what is good. John Spargo's resignation has been declared "unimportant" by the leaders of the old-fashioned faction, but his crystal-clear reasons are certainly important for the Socialist movement, though not for the party, in proving that this movement was capable of producing so courageous and fine a thinker as Spargo. He shows that the party's endeavors were precisely those which the German Government would have desired it to exert. Each pro-German argument was indorsed by the Socialist party. It was thus being placed in an unpropitious and un-American position which would have it help in the future to further social and economic reforms. The socialists professed to be

VENGEANCE OF A JUST GOD How a Frenchman Regards the Smashing of the Germans by the British Under Haig at Arras

By HENRI BAZIN Special Correspondent to the Evening Ledger from France. PARIS, May 10. I WAS awakened at 2 o'clock in the morning by the phone being in my bed room as if the house was on fire. A familiar voice at the other end of the wire, that of a captain in the infantry of France, said: "Bon jour. Time to get up. You are booked for a short trip to the English front. The car will be at your door at 3." Before daylight we were in Arras, Arras destroyed.

Napoleon, it is written, often referred to a precept of Frederick the Great, although he did not always practice what he preached, notably at Marengo. "If you would give battle," was Frederick's dictum, "mass all your troops; you can never mass too many." Add the word artillery to troops and you have the reason the English have been victorious before Arras, at Vimy, at Lens.

The army of King George, under the able command of Marshal Haig, has not ceased in artillery fire during the last three months of winter, of rain and cold and snow. It has only varied its intensity. It has been either crescendo or decrescendo; but the "O" has been constantly on the job.

Now that it is permitted I may say that for some time back the crescendo has been all negro agitato, night and day, hour for hour and minute for minute. And with it the most magnificent air raid of the war. More than 1700 air photographs had been taken over area anywhere from five to twenty kilometers back of the Boche line, making true the range and accuracy of fire from a most tremendous quantity of cannon of all caliber, and in consequence a very shambles of Boche trenches, of Boche bayous, of roads and open spaces of everything behind the Boche stand to the full distance and more than I have outlined upon a front of forty kilometers. That meant no bread for the poor barbarian for the full distance in depth and length, and without bread nothing in the true meaning of resistance.

War Without Bread Boche prisoners whom I saw when I was on the front frankly said they had not sunk their teeth in the staff of life for two and three, and in some cases, four or five periods of twelve or four hours. They showed it, too, in the way they tackled the English rations. There was nothing doing back of their line in the way of provisioning or distributing food. The barbarian was too busy dodging shell fragment or engaged in spilling his anatomy over the sacred soil of France.

Two hours after I reached the English line, just as the day was born, a veritable hell of fire opened upon the Boche. It was infernal, and I stood back of its range, a mass of shriek and song passing over my head. It must have been seven different kinds of inferno before me, off there in the gray of the morning. Distress fuses from the Boche could be seen in the early daylight. They signaled despair to their rear and they symbolized joy to the army of the King.

With the day three hours old, with this fire indescribable having lasted two full hours, it suddenly ceased, and brigade after brigade advanced in the most magnificent and shallow trenches, advancing with a shout that could have been heard in Arras, every man with the light of boldness in his eyes, every man with a rifle in his hand, covered the ground to Lens as in a bound and carried everything before them. They were irresistible. They were magnificent. They were the army of the King, the army of the Almighty for having been permitted to see; and then I drew these same lines out of the attack was a victory of men, of the splendid and an English lieutenant as an escort. I felt the lust of battle. I felt the avenging of my father's brother, headed head down in the trench, his eyes staring, his mouth found, had blackened face and outstretched tongue. I felt something of slight recompense for that which outraged my soul the day before, when I saw the Boche in his house in Nettle, when I looked upon the graves of ancestors defiled. God is very, very good after all. And praise be to His Holy Name.

The advance was an avalanche of "little countables," a very many multitude, the flower of England's youth, the brown of a young Ireland, the half-Yank from Canada, the Aztec from the Antilles. It was a gigantic way of young humanity devouring everything before it.

It was, too, an object lesson for Americans. That is, if my poor words can convey a tinge of that they aim to. For it was a victory first of material, in which the United States is so rich, and which in its riches it must pour out upon this western front. It was second, a victory of men, of the splendid and an English lieutenant as an escort. I felt the lust of battle. I felt the avenging of my father's brother, headed head down in the trench, his eyes staring, his mouth found, had blackened face and outstretched tongue. I felt something of slight recompense for that which outraged my soul the day before, when I saw the Boche in his house in Nettle, when I looked upon the graves of ancestors defiled. God is very, very good after all. And praise be to His Holy Name.

The Boche is in a badly demoralized state all along the French and English front. He is gradually getting it full into his head that there is a bunch of real force that was not born beside the Rhine. It's the only thing he can understand. Honor is not his, nor just after the manner of forty years ago. And he has a spelling book full of it these days.

To complete this story, this story that tells all too ill the most wonderful sight I ever expect to look upon, I must take refuge in metaphor. A gardener might say the attack was in form as the magic blooming of a vast flower. The opening of a great fan, Mollere's "Celine" might say. The wide wave of an irresistible sea, a sailor might say, or think, since all sailors are poets in word or thought. A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. The straight line between two points is measured about eighteen kilometers. Broken by the attack, it almost instantly measured thirty. Curved to a jagged ellipse as it was measured at the annual Belgium day. There is a bit of the line, the bit I saw through the glass this day of grace. It was three times its original length and kilometers at the annual Belgium day. France held by Germany thirty hours ago.

Unless, like Pascal's circumference, Hindenburg's line is nowhere, his line, his famous line is broken. The battle continues on the same plan with the same rhythm, the same hell of shell. The guns have been moved up a bit, and are blazing away. Incidentally, the prisoners along the combined front number more than 26,000, the cannon, 586, of which 264 are of heavy-caliber, all taken, and the captured material, including machine guns, were uncountable. They lay here and there and everywhere, men and pieces of men.

The fight goes on. On the British front and on the French, on the strip held by the soldiers of Portugal and of Russia, each and all waiting for the joy of seeing a strip of the United States flag.

Who can doubt that all I write of here is the result of what? Who can doubt whose plan it is? Let those who read, who see it from a distance, who see it from the plan of the Allied.

Tom Daly's Column

McAroni Ballads LXXXI WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE

You know da Joe Galdi dat cleans your hat— Dat savvy you'ng fellow, so o'ply an' soft Ehf' sure you yagmeber! An' mebbe you know

Dose three other fellows dat ran teeth dea Joe? Ehf' No! Dere was Raggio—Tony an' Jeem— An' Steve Barratt' dey was chums ueetha heem.

But woe! Wal, dere's three o' dem marry, you know, An' so dey ain't gotta no use for Joe. Fine girls deir wives, too, an' so good an' so true;

Dose fellows got som'theng more better to do Dan he lookin' for fun on da street een da night.

But Joe he's so mad he jus' taka delight To walk by da steps where dey set an' to sneer

An' talk so heemal' so dey sure gonna hear.

"O, wu! W'en we're marry how softa we go! You batta my life, Eef I had a wife, I would no be socha beep foola like dot!"

Las' week dees Joe got a letter wea day Dat's smol like da spreemtime; an' here's wot eet say:

"My heart eet weel bust eef I longer conceal, O! beautiful wan, socha love w'at I feel."

Or som'theng like that. Anyways, eet ees wrote

Een fine female style; an' she tai een da note

Jus' where an' w'at time sho would like heem to meet—

An' so you weell know w'en I com' down da street

I'll have a white rose an' weell geese eet to you.

Wal, Joe he vons' are! An' he's dees' to keel, ton!

An' he look all around' for da girl seeth da rose.

But all for a sudden com's—w'at do you s'pose?

Three fua beep cabbages undra dees nose!

Dose wives of Jeem, Tony an' Steve pass by, An' lika wean voice da whole three o' dem cry:

"O! wu, w'en eet's seegle how seelly eet ees! You batta your life, Eef you had a wife, You would not be socha beep foola like dees!"

"DON'T tell me," says an Irish reader of Reedy's Mirror, "that there is no retribution in history. It was an Irishman, Holland, who invented the submarine."

Which recalls a remark made to us over the dinner table several years ago by the late William Usher Henkel. "Why is it," he asked, "that the Irish so often start things splendidly, but seldom carry them to triumphant completion?" First, we ventured the opinion that the predominant trait of the Celt was a lively imagination, or, as some might put it, a restless fancy, which only infrequently inhabits an orderly mansion. Then we mildly resented the arraignment of the whole race and began to look about for distinguished Irishmen in history who were not only good starters, but good finishers. Hold on a minute! We're not talking "of fightin' an' music an' love-makin' an' the like of that." But can any one name a living Irishman who might be capable of inventing, that is to say "starting," an invention that would finish the submarine which that other Irishman started?

THE PURE FOOD SHOP On Chestnut street I often stop To look at Blankblanks' Pure Food Shop. And stand and stare, with eyes fast glued Upon that grand display of food!

All that men delight to eat When they give their wives a treat: Quinces, olives, honey, beets, Anchovies and jellied meats.

Chicken pies and deviled clams, Ruddy cheese, Virginia hams, Marmalade and tinned sardines, Boston bread and Boston beans.

Macaroni, candy peel, Putted water, pickled eel, And the look, with emerald top, Little brother of the veep!

Then I go, with pacing fed, To the Automat instead!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. *For correct name consult adv. col.

PHILIP KIND, in talking Matthew Murphy, Jr. to the annual exercises at the Jewish Foster Home in Germantown yesterday afternoon, accidentally brought forth an idea that should be helpful to the parents of all families as large as the one to which M. M. Jr. happens to belong. Young Matthew watched the several boys and girls of the home come forward to receive the prizes awarded to them for excellence in various branches of work and study. "I'll have to tell father about this," said he to his host. "I think if he'd put up a dozen or so prizes for us at home we'd all behave better during the year."

Comparatively Paramountainous No one expected three days would have passed without a trace of the fourteen-cent paper. Speculation as to the proper method of administering quick justice was far more paramount than the probable hidden location of the child.

News despatch in Sunday's paper. Really, these news dispatchers should use more supreme care in a more complete effort to attain to more perfect English.

The Perennial Graduate In honor of their son Michael, who has just graduated from the Jefferson Medical College, and to encourage him in his desire to come out at the head of his class next year, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Platt, of the southwest corner of the twelfth and Mifflin streets, will tender him a reception next Sunday, June 3, from 2 to 6 p. m., at their home. Michael has a host of friends and he will be pleased to see them all.

LAST CALL Tomorrow see the Rodgers at Their busy bodies, to register.

PREBLE'S ATTACK ON TRIPOLI American Commodore's Exploit Against the Barbary Pirates. Decatur in Small Boat Dashed Into the Enemy's Lines

By HENRY JAMES BUXTON

WHEN Commodore Preble, of the United States navy, decided to make an attack on Tripoli he placed the advance line of his squadron of war frigates in command of a young officer who had already won fame for his daredevil courage.

This young man was Captain Stephen Decatur, who feared nothing on land or sea, and who would have welcomed a bout with Satan himself if such a contest was within range of possibility.

Decatur grinned with joy when he heard the command to proceed against the Turks. He went alongside each of the vessels in the advance line and directed the crews to unship their bowsprits and follow him.

"As it is my intention to board the enemy's boats," he said, "you can look for some warm work ahead."

The enemy's gunboats were moored along the harbor under the batteries, and when Captain Decatur in the leading boat came within range, the batteries and gunboats opened fire. The whistle of solid shot was but music to the battle soul of Stephen Decatur. He sailed his ships right into the nest of the enemy's gunboats, and warfare of the real old-fashioned kind began.

At this point, Commodore Preble, fearing that disaster would result from Decatur's recklessness, ordered the signal to be made for retreat. However, it was found to be impossible to recall the daring Decatur, because in making out the signals before going into battle no one had thought of arranging for a retreat signal.

In the meantime Decatur and his men had boarded the largest of the enemy's gunboats, and were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the Turks in which pistols and sabers played an important part. It took Decatur and his men just ten minutes to clear the deck. The Turks who had not been killed or wounded in the fighting leaped into the sea. Only three of the Americans were wounded.

Decatur was withdrawing with his prize when the boat of his brother, Lieutenant James Decatur, came under the stern. The crew told him that they had engaged and captured one of the enemy, but that the Turk in command after surrendering had treacherously killed Lieutenant James Decatur. And while the Americans were searching for the body of their beloved lieutenant, the Turkish commander set his sails and made for the mouth of the harbor.

Enraged by the treacherous murder of his brother, Captain Decatur determined that the Turkish commander and his crew would pay dearly for their Judas-like act.

and his results, were swift desertion and non-support, delinquency, such as imprisonment and alcoholism; old age and unemployment. But all of these causes combined produced a small burden as compared with sickness and death.

Therefore, Mr. Lewis erred in his charge that "Facts and Fallacies" misrepresented in its claim that only a very small percentage of charity appeals come from persons who overindulge in liquor. As to the gentleman's report that there are \$230 million and boys apply in one year for refuge at the "Wayfarers' Lodge, verily that number must be conceded to be enormous. As to the great and populous city and its suburban towns, for Mr. Lewis should bear in mind that a great portion of the persons thus afflicted are of an advanced age, and are not individuals; that aside from the personal worthy but unfortunate man who seeks that kind of lodging, the great body is only a "rounding up" of a big and populous community's delinquents—the degenerate or the mentally and physically weak classes; defectives in humanity who prefer "tramp" life to the honest and useful life of the man who will work for his bread and eat of the sweat of his brow, or whatever else they come in contact with.

As for the "Facts Versus Fallacies" discussion, there were nearly 200 of these articles in the "Facts Versus Fallacies" issue of my long and diversified experience in journalism I have never known more conscientious and more accurate than the compilation of the "Facts Versus Fallacies" issue. It was written the most rigid censorship of a committee passed upon the responsibility of the "Facts Versus Fallacies" issue. Only the Government reports, year-by-year, and authoritative sources were quoted. It was possible for an error to have occurred in this series of articles, but not in these.

E. J. FRYSINGER, Chester, Pa., May 27.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE Plan for Government to Rent Unworked Coal Lands—Facts on the Liquor Problem

By the Editor of the Evening Ledger.

Sir—In your issue of the 21st is the following dispatch from Washington: "The Federal Trade Commission will shortly institute an investigation into the capitalization of anthracite coal mines of the United States, following the placing of a high price of coal is due in considerable measure to overcapitalization of these properties."

It is probable that the commission will find that the allegations are true. It is a fact, as the dispatch says, that there are vast, unworked coal fields producing no part of the revenue needed to pay dividends to the stockholders. It is a fact, also, that unworked coal lands, like unworked lands anywhere, are favored by real estate assessors. I understand that much anthracite coal land is assessed at agricultural values. Thus we make it profitable to speculators to hold coal lands out of use.

The Province of British Columbia has a tax on the market value. Owners of unworked coal lands are taxed at 10 per cent on the value of the land. In Pennsylvania, for example, unworked lands are taxed 4 per cent on capital value; improved lands are taxed only 3 per cent. In other words, land, which the province penalizes heavily the non-use of land, which Pennsylvania rewards it. To tax use more than neglect is to encourage neglect; to discourage industry. If we would simply reverse our tax laws there would be no need for investigations by committees which probably will not see the real cause of the trouble.

An available and effective remedy is the assessment and taxation of lands at the highest possible figure, namely, 100 per cent of the market value. Owners of unworked coal lands should be invited to make their own valuations for assessment, at which land for sale, for there is no right of excuse for speculating in coal land in a righteously, in any kind of land. The business is equally immoral. William P. an provided with the first settlers of Philadelphia that any owner who, within three years, would not "plant or man" his land should be disqualified in favor of any one wishing to make use of it. He discouraged idleness. We encourage it; and we suffer from it.

Logically, unworked coal land should be open to the use of any one willing to use it on payment of a just rental to the Government representing the people.

SAMUEL MILLIKEN, Philadelphia, May 28.

FACTS ON POVERTY AND DRINK To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—In a recent issue of your journal Mr. Theodore J. Lewis was privileged to state that "Facts Versus Fallacies" advertisement had misrepresented in giving the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity as authority for only about 3 per cent of the total number of paupers coming from those who misused liquor.

For the information of Mr. Lewis, a vice president of the aforesaid society, he is here informed that the annual board meeting of this organization, on November 21, 1916, advance figures (from the annual report not even yet published) were given the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity and the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity, quotation concerning a minimum of 3 per cent of appeals for charity from those who misused liquor.

The statistical report of dealing with 30,000 individuals in 537 families contains the following: Sickness was the difficulty in 3046 cases and tuberculosis was found 714 times; alcoholism, 518 times," etc. These were the society's figures.

For the further information of Mr. Lewis I am advised that the Rochester (N. Y.) Department of Charities found less than 5 per cent of its applications for aid as due to drink. The Portland (Or.) Associated Charities reported but seven in each one hundred the result of overindulgence in liquor, and the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor gave 96 per cent of appeals for charity from those whose "cause of need" was the sickness or death of wage-workers. The New York society's report, summarily stated, "Cases of poverty dealt with, other than sickness

What Do You Know?

1. What was our quarrel with? How were soldiers fought in it?

2. When it is 15 o'clock noon in Philadelphia, what time is it in St. Louis?

3. How far is it from Philadelphia to the Pacific?

4. How many of the "Tullia group of islands" are there?

5. What is the value of a Straits Settlements mail dollar in United States coin?

6. What and where is Hell Gate on Austria?

7. What nation declared war on Austria in 1914?

8. When was the great St. Louis cyclone?

9. What was the cause of the St. Louis cyclone?

10. Who is Halmer Brantley?

Answers to Strangers' Quiz

1. Cheverus was the first meeting at an angle on the sleeve inks meeting at an angle on the sleeve, policeman or petty thief in a military organization.

2. This is the year 6620 of the Julian period. According to tradition, the first letter was sent by James I. to his son, King Charles I. in 1619.

3. France and England signed a treaty of commerce in 1763.

4. William Willett, an Englishman, originated the "daylight saving" plan. It is credited to him that he was the first to suggest and setting it back an hour in the winter in order to give more hours of sunlight for labor.

5. W. S. Hancock, in 1880, was the Pennsylvania candidate for Governor. He received 155 electoral votes, while Grant received 144. Hancock, although he received 214 votes in the popular vote, did not receive a popular plurality of any 101.

6. Thirteen of the original signatories of the Declaration of Independence were signatories to the six others have the initiative for states.

7. Kansas is "famous for its wheat and sunflowers."

8. South Carolina, Democrat, of Kentucky, is the only member of the House of Representatives who has served in both the Senate and the House.

9. The one-mile record for the bicycle is set by the five second mile.

10. The average rise and fall of tide at Philadelphia is five feet three inches.

EXCELLING HIS ANCESTORS How a Huguenot Fights for France and the United States at the Same Time

Special Correspondence Evening Ledger PARIS, May 12.

DE HUGUET. It's an old Huguenot name. And to fight for France in the bones of the men who bear it. Thereby hangs the tale.

George F. Tyler, 133 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, is one of many well-known Americans who have turned their backs on the United States to fight for France. Here is the story of his life and his ancestors.

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